

# THE RURAL



# MAGAZINE.

AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

NEWARK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1798.

NUMBER 8.

## AGRICULTURE.

*An extract from the observations on grafting Trees, by Thomas A. Knight, Esq. to the President of the Royal Society of Great-Britain, dated April 30, 1795.*

I SUSPECTED that the appearances of decay in the Trees I had seen grafted lately, arose from the diseased state of the grafts, and concluded that if I took scions or buds from trees grafted in the year preceeding, I should succeed in propagating any kind I chose.

With this view I inserted some scions of the best wood I could find in the old trees on young stocks raised from seed. I again inserted grafts and buds taken from these on other young stocks, and wishing to get rid of all connection with the old trees, I repeated this experiment six years, each year taking the young shoots from the trees last grafted, stocks of different kinds were tried, some were double grafted. I was surprised to find that many of these stocks inherited the diseases of the parent trees. The wood appearing perfect and healthy in many of my last grafted trees, I flattered myself I had succeeded, but my old enemies the Mofs and Canker, which appeared in black spots, in three years convinced me of my mistake.

Being at length convinced that all efforts to make grafts that would remain good, from old and worn out trees were ineffectual, I thought it probable that those taken from very young trees raised from seed could not be made to bear fruit. Cuttings from seedling apple trees of two years old were inserted on stocks of twenty years, and in a bearing state, these have now been grafted nine years, and have never produced a blossom, and there appears no probability their time of bearing fruit can be accelerated, or their health impaired by the great age of the stocks. A seedling apple tree usually bears fruit in 13 or 14 years; I therefore conclude that I have to wait for fruit till the tree bears from which the scions were taken; every cutting therefore taken from an apple tree, and probably every other, will be affected by the state of the parent stock; if that be too young it will grow with vigour, but will not blossom, and if it be too old, will soon produce fruit, but will never make a healthy tree, or answer the intention of the planter. The root and part of the stock adjoining it are greatly more durable than the bearing branches, and scions obtained from either will grow with vigour, when taken from bearing branches will not. The following experiment evinces the probability of this at least. I took cuttings from the extremities of the bearing branches of an old ungrafted pear tree, and others from shoots which sprang out of the trunks near the ground, and inserted some of each into the same tree, the former grew without thorns as in the cultivated varieties, and produ-

ced blossoms the second year, whilst the latter assumed the appearance of stocks just raised from seed, and have not yet produced blossoms.

The durability of the apple and pear, I have long suspected to be different in different varieties, but that none of either would vegetate with vigour, much, if at all, beyond the life of the parent stock, provided that died of old age; and I am fully convinced that the ill success which often attends the propagation of the pear and apple, has arisen from the use of old worn out and diseased kinds particularly in grafting.

From the above observations we may naturally conclude, that scions and buds ought always to be taken from the youngest fruit bearing trees, provided they are the healthiest that can be found.

## CURIOUS FACT.

FROM THE MEDICAL REPOSITORY.

*Facts relative to that Faculty of Animals, which has been called Instinct.*

The following facts respecting a WREN, (*Monticola Domestica Linn*) were communicated to me by Mr. Julius Deming, a respectable merchant of Litchfield, Connecticut; who received them directly from the Lady originally observing them:

IN the Spring of 1790 or 1791, the sister-in-law of this gentleman, observed a Wren attack the Martens in a box prepared for them, and affixed to her father's house. After a short time they were driven from it, and the Wren took possession, and began to construct her nest. Unwilling to lose the Martens, or to injure the Wren, the Lady made use of this expedient. She placed a wooden box (of about the size of a gallon bottle) with a moveable cover, in which was a small hole, in the adjoining bee-house. Within an hour after this had been done, the Wren deserted the Marten box, for that which was intended for her, where she built her nest, laid her eggs, hatched and reared her young.

While the Wren was laying, during the time of incubation, and after the birth of the young, the box in which the nest was formed, was often removed into the house; whither the parent-bird always followed, without exhibiting any particular marks of fear: at least, whatever apprehensions she might have had originally, was wholly subdued by the frequent repetition of this practice.

When the young were pretty well grown, it was very interesting to observe the mother instructing them in her peculiar song. As this process was thought curious and singular, it attracted the attention of others besides the lady first mentioned; and all the circumstances were often observed by her friends, as well as herself, at their leisure, in her father's house.

The mother-bird fixed herself on one side of

the opening in the box, directly before her young. She began by singing over her whole song (which is known to consist of a considerable number and variety of notes) very distinctly.—One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, his voice broke and he lost the tune. The mother immediately re-commenced where he had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where he had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as he was able; and when he lost the note again, the mother began anew where he stopped, and completed it. Then he resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time, with great precision: and a second of the young attempted to follow her. With him, she pursued the same course as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. It sometimes happened, that the young would lose the tune, three, four, or more times, in the same attempt. In which case, the mother uniformly began where they ceased, and sang the remaining notes; and when each had completed his trial, she repeated the whole strain.

Sometimes two of the young commenced together. The mother observed the same conduct towards them, as when one sang alone. This lesson was repeated, day after day, and several times in a day, till all the young had perfectly mastered it, and were full grown; and, as has already been remarked, it was observed as often and by as many persons as knew of the fact and had curiosity, and by the lady above mentioned, very frequently, so that no doubt can be entertained of the fidelity of the narration.

## HOW TO GROW RICH.

NEVER be in the bed at six in the morning, or out of it at ten at night. The early riser is always in time with his business, while the sluggard runs after it all day, and never can overtake it.

Out of every shilling you get save one half if you can, certainly one third.

If you hope for Independence, keep out of debt: The honor, the reputation and the liberty of the debtor lie at the mercy of his creditor.

Be just before you are generous. Never waste your money in debt to make entertainments.—“Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.”

Plenty is but a degree short of profusion.—Decent frugality is the best method to attain the confidence of wise men.

Credit is often a dangerous temptation and the means of destroying itself. Like health it is only to be preserved by prudence and moderation.

Gluttony is the grave of gain. He that gorges in a few hours the income of a week must always be poor, and ultimately a beggar.



## HENRY AND CHARLOTTE.

### AN AFFECTING FACT.

UNDER the mastership of the celebrated Busby there was a boy at school, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Henry, equally esteemed by his master for the brilliancy of his talents, and beloved by his school-fellows for the various excellent qualities of his mind, and the sweetness of his disposition.

Before he had risen very high in the school, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, eminently beautiful, and differing from him in character, only as the natural delicacy and softness of her sex added a charm to every perfection of her lover.

From the many interviews they had, the flame, which at first fired his bosom, quickly became mutual, and they already indulged themselves in romantic ideas of celebrating their nuptials when they scarce knew what love was, but from the fluttering it caused in each of their tender breasts.

Two years were now elapsed since they had declared their flame to each other. Henry had long pleaded his love to his dear Charlotte, with all the force which a sincere and daily increasing passion could inspire him with.

Marriage was what they both looked up to, but impossibilities dimmed the prospect; and though he loved her with a tenderness which nought but various motives can implant, yet still his desires tended to that point of bliss, which nothing but the privilege of marriage can give sanction to.

His father, it seems, having long observed the close intimacy which existed between our hero and this amiable girl, and fearful of the consequence, namely marriage, (for she had no fortune,) resolved to separate them.

Accordingly he purchased him an ensigncy in a regiment just going abroad; and paying little regard to his son's disapprobation of a military life, sent him off to Jersey.

This precaution, however proved fruitless; for Henry as soon as he was acquainted with his father's cruel determination, having obtained Charlotte's full consent, had their marriage consummated unknown to any of his friends; and as his regiment was detained in England, by unforeseen delays, a much longer time than was expected, he found means to pass the greater part of his time in her company.

I shall pass over the tender scene, which took place at their parting. Suffice it to say, that never was a picture of grief displayed in more natural and affecting colours, than what this interview exhibited. With difficulty he dissuaded her from the earnest desire she had of accompanying him, but he knew the dangers of the voyage, and the difficulties a woman is exposed to in a camp, too well to comply with her request. All he had to console her with was an assurance of the most speedy return he could obtain.

But he had been six months in Jersey, before he received news of the departure of his son. Since she had lost her dear Henry, her constancy had been put to the trial by a thousand pressing calamities.

Just after he had set sail, she felt a severe shock in the loss of a kind and affectionate mother, her only surviving parent, and was now left an helpless orphan, exposed to all the dangers of the wide world, deprived of every comfort of life, and nearly destitute of all its necessities.

Her mother being the relict of a colonel, had, with some economy, made shift to support herself and daughter, in a genteel manner, on her pension. But this dropt at her death, and poor Charlotte, who, either from the too great indulgence or the pride of her parents, had not been brought up to any business, was now reduced to the desperate alternative of either starving, or maintaining herself by the most desperate trade her sex is acquainted with.

Happily an old school-fellow of Henry's, learning the distressed state of her circumstances, flew to her assistance with all the ardour the thought of relieving his friend's dearer half could inflame him with, and (as she had too much virtue ever to become a prostitute) saved her from the rigor of a death she no ways merited, and which had long appeared to her inevitable.

Shortly after this timely rescue, she received the following letter from her Henry:

"My dearest Charlotte,

"Judge my happiness on hearing that Heaven has blest us with a token of our love! That he may resemble his mother in every thing, is the only boon I crave now for him:—But I change my joy to a note of sorrow! The pernicious effects of this climate have inflicted on me an illness, which I fear I never shall get over. Life, however, is a burthen to me, while thou art absent:—Nor could I have held it out thus long, but that I support myself on the prospect of that bliss, which will, I hope, crown the rest of our years; should I ever return to thee. I live, I breathe but for thee, and fear not death, but as it shall snatch thee from me. But there is a place, a paradise, where we shall one day meet, to part no more!—Farewell! May heaven shed its choicest blessings on thee and thy infant, and render you both happy, as it made thee good!"

Equally alarmed at the severity of her Henry's disorder, and charmed at the sincerity of his passion, she resolved to set sail in quest of him. Accordingly, supplied by the kindness of his friend with every thing requisite for her voyage, she went on board a transport bound for the place of her husband's destination. But the bitterest scene of her affliction remained as yet unaccomplished. All those flattering images of joy, which the thought of quickly seeing her Henry had presented to her, were suddenly overclouded by the storm, which intercepted them in their passage.

After every exertion of the crew had proved vain, they were driven to the last resource, and fired the signal of distress. This was instantly answered by another ship, which had long been near, but from the darkness which reigned around, without the knowledge of either. It was however, too late to save the vessel. The leak which had so long distressed them, now took in so fast, that it was impossible to keep her above the water; and just as the ship made up to her, she sunk. Her long-boat, stowed full, was now approaching the side of the ship, when a cruel wave snatched it under, and Charlotte, with her dear infant close clasped to her breast, floated at the mercy of a stormy sea.

Must I stop my reader to tell him, that Henry, having procured leave of absence, was returning in the other ship!

He had long fixed his eyes on the boat, struck with the beauty of his unknown wife. Unable any longer to be witness to such a scene of

distress, without taking an active part in it, plunged in at the hazard of his own life, and catching her as she rose on the back of a billow, bore her to her own ship's boat.

But what were his feelings, when he beheld the face of his Charlotte! Her benumbed arm had dropt its tender charge. The horror of her distress had deprived her cheeks of the roseate hue, and plundered her ruby lips of their melting beauties. Dead was the lustre of her glossy eye, and cold her lily hand.

He pressed her to his breast in the agonies of despair, and strove to recal her affrighted spirits, to their gay abode. She at length awoke almost from the shades of death; but seeing her Henry's face, shrieked astonishment, and sunk into his arms a breathless corpse!

### ANECDOTES OF THE LATE GENERAL LEE.

GENERAL LEE was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attending General Washington, to a place distant from the camp. Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, some time before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, and demanded something to eat; when the cook taking him for a servant, told him, she would give him victuals in a moment, but he must first help her off with the pot. This he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat, which she placed for him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly Lee, who, she said, she heard, was one of the "most oddest, and ugliest men in the world." In a few moments she desired the general again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarce had he finished, when she requested him to take a bucket and go to the well. Lee made no objection, and began drawing the water. In the mean while General Washington arrived, and an Aid-de-Camp was dispatched in search of Lee; whom to his great surprise, he found engaged as above. But what was the confusion of the poor girl on hearing the Aid-de-Camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, by the title of excellence! The mug fell from her hand, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown; and turned to the Aid-de-Camp observed, "You see young man the advantage of a fine coat. The man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; and neither virtue nor abilities without it, will make him look like a gentleman."

Lee had the consolation to find partners in his disgrace, in the same county, and within a few miles of him, was major general Stevens, a Scotchman, who was broke for misbehaviour at Germantown, and General Gate's house was also close by. On the arrival of the old man, after his unfortunate defeat by lord Cornwallis, at Camden, Lee observed, that Berkeley was the first county which had ever been, at the same time, the retreat of three unfortunate Generals. "You, Stevens, (said he) was broke for getting drunk when every man should be in his senses; and you, Gates, for being beat when you had no business to engage."



*A remarkable account of a widow burning herself on the funeral pile of her husband, at Benares, in Indostan.*

WHILE I was pursuing my professional labours in Benares, I received information of a ceremony which was to take place on the banks of the river, and which greatly excited my curiosity. I had often read and repeatedly heard of that most horrid custom among, perhaps, the most mild and gentle of the human race, the Hindoos; the sacrifice of the wife on the death of her husband, and that by a means from which nature seems to shrink with the utmost abhorrence, by burning. The person whom I saw was of the Ehyse (merchant) tribe or cast; a class of people we should naturally suppose exempt from the high and impetuous pride of rank, and in whom the natural desire to preserve life should in general predominate, undiverted from its proper course by a prospect of posthumous fame. I may add, that these motives are greatly strengthened by the exemption of this class from that infamy with which the refusal is inevitably branded in their superiors.—Upon my repairing to the spot, on the banks of the river, where the ceremony was to take place, I found the body of the man on a bier, and covered with linen, already brought down and laid at the edge of the river. At this time, about ten in the morning, only a few people were assembled, who appeared destitute of feeling at the catastrophe that was to take place; I may even say that they displayed the most perfect apathy and indifference. After waiting a considerable time the wife appeared, attended by the Bramins, and music, with some few relations. The procession was slow and solemn; the victim moved with a steady and firm step; and, apparently with a perfect composure of countenance, approached close to the body of her husband where for some time they halted. She then addressed those who were near her with composure, and without the least trepidation of voice or change of countenance. She held in her left hand a cocoa nut, in which was a red colour mixed up, and dipping in it the forefinger of her right hand, she marked those near her, to whom she wished to throw the last act of attention. As at this time I stood close to her, she observed me attentively, and with the colour marked me on the forehead. She might be about twenty-four or five years of age, a time of life when the bloom of beauty has generally fled the cheek of India; but still she preserved a sufficient share to prove that she had been handsome; her figure was small, but elegantly turned; and the form of her hands and arms was particularly beautiful. Her dress was a loose robe of white flowing drapery, that extended from her head to the feet. The place of sacrifice was higher up on the bank of the river, a hundred yards or more from the spot where we now stood. The pile was composed of dried branches, laves, and rushes, with a door on one side, and arched and covered on the top: by the side of the door stood a man with a lighted brand. From the time the woman appeared, to the taking up of the body to convey it to the pile, might occupy a space of half an hour, which was employed in prayer with the Bramins, in attentions to those who stood near her and conversation with her relations. When the body was taken up she followed close to it, attended by the chief Bramin; and when it was deposited in the pile, she bowed to all around her, and entered without speaking. The moment she entered, the door was

closed; the fire was put to the combustibles, which instantly flamed, and immense quantities of dried wood and other matters were thrown upon it. This last part of the ceremony was accompanied by the shouts of the multitude, who now became numerous, and the whole seemed a mass of confused rejoicing. For my part, I felt myself actuated by very different sentiments: the event that I had been witness to was such, that the minutest circumstances attending it could not be erased from my memory.

## NEWARK, APRIL 7.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PROPOSALS are issued by Matthew L. Davis, in New-York, for publishing a celebrated and much admired new novel, entitled *The Children of the Abbey: a tale, in four volumes.* By Regina Maria Roche, author of the *Maid of the Hamlet*, and *Vicar of Landdown.*

### MARRIAGES.

HAIL, wedlock hail! inviolable tie,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy;  
Love, friendship, honor, truth and pure delight,  
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.  
In Eden first the holy state began,  
When perfect innocence distinguish'd man;  
The human pair, th' Almighty Pontiff led,  
Gay as the morning to the bridal bed.  
A dread solemnity th' espousals grac'd,  
Angels the witnesses, and God the Priest;  
All earth exalted on the nuptial hour,  
And voluntary roses deck'd the bow'r.  
The joyous birds on ev'ry blossom'd spray,  
Sung *Hymeneus* to th' important day;  
While *Philomela* swell'd the spousal song,  
And *Paradise* with gratulations rung.

Married, in this Town, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McWhorter, Mr. NEHEMIAH CRANE, to Miss POLLY WARD, both of this place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Gardner, Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL, to Miss REBECCA CRANE, both of this town.

On Tuesday evening the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Fordham, Capt. EBENEZER TUTTLE, of Mount-Pleasant, to Mrs. WURTS, Widow of John Wurts, Esq. deceased.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Fish, Mr. DAVID BOWERS, of North Farms, to Miss COMFORT SAYRES, of Orange.

### —THE MORALIST—

#### THE BALANCE OF HAPPINESS EQUAL.

AN extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases in the same proportion our desires and demands.

If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine & true.—In a state, therefore where there is neither so much to be coveted, on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as it first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

Bailey.

### —ANECDOTES—

SOME time ago a travelling Religionist, from Rhode-Island, came to Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, waited on Dr. Nesbit, and requested leave of him to read in the Presbyterian church, on the Lord's Day, an account of a remarkable revival of religion, in the state he came from. The Doctor enquired *what effect* this revival had on the converts, as to their moral honesty? And whether they continued to pay their debts with depreciated paper money or not?—To this the man replied; "They pay their debts according to the law of the state." The truly Christian Divine then expressed himself to this effect:—"You shall not have my leave to read any account of a revival of religion that does not make people HONEST: For that religion is not from the Spirit of God, but from the Devil, that is not productive of MORAL HONESTY; and whenever Christianity hath not this effect on those who pretend to be deeply under its influences, it plainly indicates a *declension* among them, rather than a *revival* of religion."

### ORIGIN OF THE PROVERBIAL EXPRESSION, "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

Hook and Crook were the names of two of the Judges of England, at the beginning of the last century.—They were both men of eminence in their profession; but not more remarkable for any thing, than for the perpetual diversity of opinion that prevailed between them on the seat of justice:—Be the case what it would, each suitor was sure to have either *Hook* or *Crook* on his side.

### —DETACHED SENTENCES—

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is *old age*.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. The civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

### —OBITUARY—

At South Kingston, (R. I.) Major EBENEZER ADAMS, aged 60.



## POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's designed  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

### FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

*By Dr. Watts.*

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,  
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,  
And who the happy pairs  
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,  
Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains  
That thoughtless fly into the chains,  
As custom leads the way:  
If there be bliss without design,  
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mold  
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold  
To dull embraces move:  
So two rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires  
With wanton flames; those raging fires  
The purer bliss destroy:  
On *Ætna's* top let furies wed,  
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,  
To improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms  
None of the melting passions warms,  
Can mingle hearts and hands:  
Logs of green wood that quench the coals  
Are married just like stolid souls,  
With others for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,  
Still silent, or that still complain,  
Can the dear bondage bless:  
As well may heavenly concerts spring  
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
Or none beside the base.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mold,  
The rugged and the keen:  
Sampson's young foxes might as well  
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind,  
For love abhors the sight:  
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,  
For native rage and native fear  
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,  
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves:  
Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone  
And Cupid's yoke the doves.

## EASTER DAY.

SWIFT from the glorious realms above,  
The realms of condescending love,  
The Cherub did appear.  
An earthquake did his message own,  
His countenance like lightning shone,  
And rolling back the massy stone,  
The soldiers died with fear!  
Ah! what avail'd their watchful care,  
When High Omnipotence was there,  
And all commanding Grace?  
"Women devout, be not afraid,  
"The suffering Saviour here was laid,  
"But now is RISEN, as he said—  
"Behold the hallow'd place!"

O glorious thought! O grateful day!  
The stone of grief is roll'd away,  
And faith is standing nigh,  
In shining raiment pure and white,  
Surrounded by religious light,  
At whose most awful, piercing sight,  
The carnal passions die!

### THE LADY'S SCULL.

BLUSH not, ye fair, to own me!—but  
be wise,  
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes;  
*Fame* says (and *fame* alone can tell how true)  
I—once—was lovely, and belov'd—like  
you.

Where are my votaries, where my flatterers now?  
Fled with the subject of each lover's vow.  
Adieu the roses red, and lillies white!  
Adieu those eyes that made the darkness light!  
No more, alas! those coral lips are seen,  
No longer breathes the fragrant gale between.  
Turn from your mirror, and behold in me,  
At once what thousands can't, or dare not see:  
Unvarnish'd, I the real truth impart,  
Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart.  
Survey me well, ye fair ones! and believe,  
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.  
On beauty's fragile state no more depend;  
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end;  
Here drops the mask, here shuts the final scene,  
Nor differs grave three-score from gay fifteen.  
All press alike to the same goal—the tomb,  
Where wrinkled *Laura* smiles at *Chloe's* bloom.  
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,  
Here learn the lesson, to be vain no more.  
Yet virtue still against decay can arm,  
And even lend mortality a charm.

### THE KISS.

HUMID seat of soft affection!  
Magic union—virgin kiss!  
Tenderest tie of young connection!  
Surest pledge of future bliss!  
Speaking silence, dumb confession,  
That each secret will impart!  
Yielding softness—sweet confusion!  
Balm that heals our wounded hearts!  
Friendship's height, and last enjoyment!  
Passion's birth and infant play!  
Love's first snow-drop! young enjoyment!  
Earliest dawn of brightest day!  
Sorrowing joy! adieu's last action!  
Oh! what language can express  
The thrilling pain, the soft affliction  
Of a TENDER PARTING KISS?

## ANECDOTE FOUNDED ON FACT.

TWO neighbours liv'd in modern times,  
Disciples of St. Paul, and James:  
In harmony and friendship kind,  
Their lands, their fields, and orchards join'd.  
'Twas at a time when canker worms,  
Infested orchards in large swarms,  
Each husbandman anxious to know,  
How to destroy the raging foe.  
Disciple of St. Paul, in May,  
Early as morn from eastern ray,  
In orchard, fell on knees to pray,  
Address'd his God and thus did say,  
"Lord I believe in faith alone,  
"And not rely on works I've done.  
"The works of men most feeble prove,  
"Strong faith it can huge mountains move,  
"This prayer of faith accept I pray,  
"Send these devouring worms away,  
"And cast them all into the sea.  
"I not in works but faith trust in,  
"In full assurance say amen."  
The Disciple of St. James reply'd,  
"I've not on faith but works rely'd,  
"The providence that God directs,  
"Governs by causes and effects;  
"For to destroy this raging crew;  
"There's something left for me to do;  
"Which must suffer no delay,  
"Before the vermin climb the tree."  
A bucket of good tar prepar'd,  
Trunk of each apple tree besmear'd;  
In hopes to have his labours blest,  
He left to providence the rest.  
Propitious heav'n it blest his labour,  
Whilst canker'd death, it smote his neighbour.  
The loaded fruits on labour spread,  
Shew'd faith without good works was dead.

### FROM THE FRENCH.

BLISS does solitude admire—  
A wondrous lover of the dark;  
Each night puts out her chamber fire,  
But just keeps in a *single spark*!  
Till four she keeps herself alive,  
Warm'd by her piety no doubt,  
Then, tir'd of kneeling just at five,  
She sighs, and lets the *SPARK* go out!

### EPITAPH ON A SEA OFFICER.

AT ANCHOR fast, in death's hold,  
Lies honest Captain HILL,  
Who serv'd his country and his God,  
With upright heart and will.  
In social life, sincere and just,  
To vice of no kind given;  
So that his better part, we trust,  
Has made the PORT OF HEAVEN.

### EPIGRAM.

"WHAT's fashionable I'll maintain,  
"Is always right," cries brightly *Jane*:  
"Ah! would to heav'n!" cries graver *Sue*,  
"What's right were fashionable too."

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the RURAL MAGAZINE,  
are thankfully received at the Office of the  
Newark Gazette, at TWELVE SHILLINGS per  
annum—one third in advance.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,  
For the PROPRIETORS